DUCKWORTH & Co.
PUBLISHERS.
GERALD DUCKWORTH.
A. R. WALLER.

3, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, W. C.

1903

My Kolet-
I wish your letter had come before &
last night - then we might have
come to you on our way to or from
St. Albans. That way a pilgrimage —
But are you really better? I don't
much believe it - I feel very uneasy
about you - lying there alone poor treat,
& we might have come in. Sent
there any Cramp about? Shall I
come on Tuesday? early? I know
Eva will have swarms upon you
then. We got off earlier than I
thought yesterday. We had Katie &
Beatrice alone at first - Katie
like a bit of a sick temple
lying in the grass - & Beatrice a
Gargoyle come to life! Lady Robert
was there - such a little lady —

but setting apart Iraq, only some one
shouted at her, which way rather (and
to do. I told them about you -
I wish I could last my back, x
have all the beautiful ladies holding
up their hands x saying Darling!
You are the most popular
England - & much more than that -
but you like your Spanish. (You observe
how thick the ink gets at this point -
Suite spontaneous) Katie has a splendid
manner too - she NYPL waved everything about
the way she wanted it to go - turned
from one to another - but was just as
simple & easy as ever - & I do like a
great lady - when she's a soldiers too.
She isn't exactly easy. Except in manner -
but unfeignedly beautiful.
Shall I come Tuesday - send a line
& ask her. Cram to - my Violet.
I hope & hope your better.
Yrs fp:

22 · Hyde Park Gate

1903

My Violet,

You are too far off to write to — besides you have been carrying on a most improper clandestine correspondence, against which I dont at all approve. Really You ought never to have seen that literary effort. It might meant for anybody to read — not in that nasty, really indecent state. I wrote it all by scraps when we were at Chilworth, & in a fundamental mood, which has leaked out Dana st — & I kept the pateries to write it again. This is all to prove that if I had sat down solidly every morning & made it thoroughly substantial all through, it would have been a work of genius whereas, as it is — You have to pump up Compliment. Poor Violet. I think literary advice is

a very ticklish thing. Of course I should be grateful for Criticism as all writers are - the candider the better. I always think I might do write so much better if I took time or trouble - or something else which I never do NYPL take. This is a very interesting subject - to you especially.

I've only had one small scrawl from you. Buy some intimate note paper - sign of this - I have been writing to try & patch up our quarrel with St. Minna - & all my ideas have been spent on that Besides it is grilling hot.

We are going to a dance tonight - I can't make any one less dance like then Jon - track to your feet.

When are you coming? Come & bosom! Kitty is eternal & cool & fashionable - white bow tie to tor

has little aristocratic stories without much
point which is the point— But, as you
say, she is a good woman— & so-so so -
I write half a sentence, very moral too,
& forget how it was to end. Here a hen
filched from I feel, & I only pick up the
Cream that fell from her table (a stale
failed, like a bad Egg).
It is a toilsome world— I shall leave
Earnest my Kangaroo nest before I die.
She head is rather bad for father— but
he is extraordinarily cheerful. & writes
& enjoys talking, & some days &
looks so well, & we can't believe that
it is true. It is a strange place,
with nothing much happening— & the
world going on as usual.
Come here the moment you are in
London— Friendship I say. is the
true prop of life— many other pretty
things I might say— only God has
seen fit to withhold them their application.
Negga said your husband had passed— another

Chats a mercy.

The Bath family have faded - as is their habit - Gone out like fireworks. Beatrice melds erratic efforts. Spasmodic was the word I meant. (She is spasmodic) to come here, or to get us there - but once paper or pen gets between a Thyone & the world — the test of silence — NYPL I think of you with tender longing. It would draw tears from your stony Eye to see little Wallaby nosing round with her soft wet snout for a letter - & none comes. Give my respectful remembrances to Hesler - tell her I often think of the Goldfinch - & what it meant for both of us! Ah me! I met a very Kind large shaggy Mess Talbot the other night. I only felt inclined to say. Be a Kangaroo to me! & she wouldn't have understood.

It's d-d. hot. my wallaby paws stick to the paper as I write - my letters are convulsive. Write to me Dearest - I want & tell me that you love me no more - my food is affection! Gossip:

1903

Lethenampton House
Salisbury

My Violet,

We are safe here – Father came in great beauty with the rain. It is very tired today. He has been asleep most of the morning in his chair, but he seems to like the place. The nurse thinks his room & all the arrangements as good as possible. It is a perfect house for us – roomy & comfortable – & the garden, it would only get hot, lovely. I have a vast

Delicious

white washed attic to myself - has a
bay, a magnificent room too -
these people have good taste
I think.

How are you my Violet -
write & say - you
notice are most expressive -
about the only person who writes
as she talks - with regard
again you - the effect of the
open air upon me is to make
me so sleepy I can hardly
think of a whole sentence.
Good & Thoby come
today - Susan tomorrow -
& Violet when?
Get the telegraph on my sheet -

VWS.

NYPL

Wednesday.

My Violet

Your telegram was an unmingled
relief. Only take care &
run no risks, & do ask Jones
darling tele Jon. We are
ch the better, morally mentally
& physically, for your visit.
Such are the alleviations
of our lot I believe - keep Jys
She is so glad his dickensian is
coming back - 'it is an excellent
plan' according to that lean & keen
woman. I have had a long
talk with her since you left - &
what fruit your words have borne!

NYPL

& I think she liked it, & we talked
of all kinds of things, & made a
great drawing. I think so in to her
every day now — & only wish I had
begun before — She told me,
I don't know whether to comfort or
because she believes it, that & she
is practically certain that the
end will be this perforation time
Leeuwenhoeks going on all this
means that the growth is going that
way — She says. She is very
weak today, & talks more about it
now that only Nessa & I are here.
He tried to walk with me, & when
we got to the end of the garden
he was so tired he had to lie back —
& he groaned & said he felt so
bad — But nothing more has
happened — I mean he has not liked

NYPL

by everything. I think he knows all
but absolute facts really.
He said to me 'Does Violet
Dickinson like me d'you think'
& was pleased like a child or granny,
when I said yes. I too hear you
had enjoyed your talk — & he
said, voluntary, what a charming
woman for wen — He's a terrific
flirtation.
How we have just had a telegram
to say that Ronnie Norman
is coming to morrow. He is a
bore young man, & won't bother —
so it don't much matter.
GO Beatrice has written a laborious
letter to put us off — the
cat knows Katie — but we

try to make her come next week.
No fishers yet - I'm afraid everything
points to a visit tomorrow.
Not my illegitimate Aunt is the
happy background on these occasions
as on all others. I turn to
her when I am weary & like
the wicked Czar from howling.
She keeps is a find: this
marvellous what a blind ostrich
Harrow is to - do you
remember the incident of her & her
intimate in the early days? & now
hasn't that grip. Blossomed (an afterthought
Comperceive)

Sunday. 30th August

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1903

My Violet

You are a stingy reptile - one
sheet to an intimate, I told you to
buy some large paper for me.
Also you say nothing about your beastly
back - Never say it's too elongated to
be much practical use in this
world - However, we hope it will
come in in the next. When you
next write put some affection in to
your letters - like sugar in other ways
rather bitter tea. I always do.
I suppose you are plunged in sadnesses -
your Nelly will be talking up your

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

attention - That stronghearted old
Beatrice has put us off for good
now-days she can't leave her mother a
Her Aunt. I can't help thinking
She has shied at the last moment at
the idea of the Stephen family.
I can't imagine how she can possibly
Comfort Manchester Square -
Beatrice is not the person I should
turn to for Comfort in the hour
at such moments. Her sympathy
would be spasmodic - I mean ~~may Carlyle~~
spasmodic - However it was
so soon there really wouldn't be
time for her here - perhaps it's
as well. We have suffered from a
plague of mice since Jan left - Ronny
Norman, an Indian Cousin, besides Jack &

NYPL

Gerald. Norman is a dry dog - there's
no denying it. He has ruled out
Lady the pleasures & hesitates a little
already, & will spend the rest of his
days in very narrow limits I dare say.
He is like a prophetess. I have always
foretold it. Nessa has written to us
about your plans - I tried to put
my literary style was choked & strangled,
& I have come to the conclusion that
Cattery is a fraud, & what shall I do
when I have to write to the Hadsprople -
being the wife of a poor Curate, &
the mother of six children born in
3 & ½ years? I shall go to the nearest
post office & wire for Violet !!!
That is practically what I spend my
time in doing. I have also now
discovered that the Nessa though only
29 years of age (I thought her 39) is a
woman of great practical ability - a

endless conversation. I go in regularly a
Let on her bed - or she comes to our
room & we sit talking till next
meal time. When I finish this down
very interesting letter - I am going
to see her. Nessa will have told
you about father - I mean there isn't
much change, though I dare say a
fresh person would see that he is
weaker. This haemorrhage hasn't
stopped once the whole time - almost
seems to get worse. He thinks about it
I am sure - but says very little. Yesterday
we went for a drive together, to Bemerton
& Wilton. He liked it I think & would
like out & look for George Herbert's
monument, & walked for a few
minutes in the sunshine at Wilton -
but he is very weak. Heaven knows
what we shall do when we get back -
London empty, & he too weak to
leave the house. But these things

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

always come to pass in some mysterious
way. It is all lovely—
We are very good about going out—
we spend most of the day out; though
it seems to me that sitting in the garden is
impossible. But I quite see that
air now is very important—
insist upon it. being a woman of
much authority.
When you come, to stay a fortnight
time. those two days were a
horrid scramble.

Yr Loy: